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VOLUME VIII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1879.

NUMBER 3.

POETRY.

Old World Stories.

From the realm of old-world story
There beckons a lily hand,
That calls up the sweetness, the glory,
The sounds of a magic land.
Where huge flowers droop in the splendor
Of closing day's golden red,
And gaze on each other with tender
Looks, as of lovers new wed.

Where all the trees, too, have voices,
And all like a chorus sing,
And a sound as of music rejoices
In the babble of every spring.

On the air songs of love are swelling,
Such as never elsewhere thou hast heard,
Till by yearnings divine beyond telling,
Thy soul is divinely stirred.

Oh, me! if I might go thither,
And gladden my ear with a breast,
Shake off all the sorrows that wither,
Be happy and truly at rest!

Ah, many a time in my dreaming
Through that blessed region I roam!
Then the morning sun comes with its beaming,
And scatters it all like foam.

STORE TELLER.

OUR TWO SQUIRES.

THE STORY OF A LONG FEUD.

CHAPTER I.

It was Christmas morning; a genu
ine old-fashioned Christmas, sharp and
clear and cold. The meadows were
covered, far and wide, with crisp white
snow, and the hedge-rows sparkled
with crystal frostwork. The rustic
monuments in the village churchyard
assumed forms of quaint indebtedness
under their fleecy covering, and the
ancient yew trees, dark and gloomy in
summer when all else was gay, seem
ed now like fairy mountains springing
upward in the winter sunshine. With
in the church was gathered well-nigh
the whole population of our Cornish
chapel, and with tender eloquence our
good old vicar, bowed with age and
infirmity, but still earnest, still elo
quent, once more preached the mes
sage of peace and good-will. Not an
eye wandered among the earnest up
turned faces; not a sound broke the
quiet hush of wrapt attention as he
spoke his concluding words.

"And now, my brethren—nay, rather
my children, for my journey has been
long, and most of those who started
with me have gone one by one to their
rest—for well-nigh forty years have I
labored among you, and the time is at
hand when I, too, shall rest, and when
you will hear my voice no more. It is
but a little while, and the silver cord
must be loosed and the golden bowl
be broken. God has been very good
to me; yet one gift more, one only,
would I ask of Him, that, ere I go to
my home, every soul in this my little
flock shall have blotted out all memory
of former feud or ancient grievance,
and shall with love and fellowship to
all mankind, be able to join in the
Christmas song of the angels: 'On
earth peace, good will among men.'"

All knew for whom those last words
were especially intended, for the feud
between my uncle, Richard Polwhelo,
and the only other large land owner
in the parish, Sir Philip Trefusis, was
a matter almost of county history. It
had originated many years back, when
both were young men fresh from Ox
ford. At school and college they had
been bosom friends, nay, almost broth
ers, but (so the story ran) both young
men had been fascinated by the wiles
of the same village beauty. A violent
quarrel arose, and in a moment of pas
sionate excitement on both sides, Rich
ard struck Polwhelo with his riding
whip across the face. Polwhelo raised
his hand to return the blow, but check
ed himself or it would have gone hard
with Trefusis, for he was slight and
undersized, while Polwhelo's strength
and daring were proverbial throughout
the country side.

"If you value your life," he said, con
trolling himself by a mighty effort,
"get out of my sight."
Trefusis read aright the warning of
the white face and flashing eyes, and,
already dreading the consequences of
the rash act, fled away. Richard Pol
whelo spent the rest of that day alone
in the woods, and four and twenty
hours afterwards was stricken with
brain fever. Ere he had completely
recovered his rival had left the country,
and the coquetish cause of their trou
bles had married a rustic swain whom
she secretly much preferred to either
of her aristocratic admirers. Thirty
years had since passed by, during the
greater part of which Trefusis had re
mained abroad, visiting his native
place only, at rare intervals. Three
years back, however, he had finally re
turned, a widower with one daughter,
now aged nineteen, and had taken up
his abode once more at the family man
sion, Trearac Park. Richard Pol
whelo had also married, and was left a
widower, with five children—Howard,
Mary, Alice, Percy and Dorothy, of
ages ranging downward from twenty
two to seven: Uncle Dick would read
ily have let bygones be bygones, but
he waited for Trefusis to make the
first overture. Possibly Sir Philip had

a similar feeling. At any rate neither
would make the first advance, and the
result was that "the two squires,"
as they were called, met and re
mained on terms of haughty coolness.
No communication took place between
the two houses, though it was whis
pered that Cousin Howard and pretty
Edith Trefusis, who had met more than
once on neutral ground, were not dis
posed to keep up the family feud for
another generation.

Such being the state of things, the
earnest appeal of our good old vicar
was not difficult of application; and
many eyes were turned upon the two
squires to see in what spirit they re
ceived this public admonition. There
was a touch of heightened color upon
Uncle Dick's handsome face as he stepped
forth into the churchyard, the very model
of a gallant Englishman, dispensing hearty hand shakes and
kindly Christmas greetings to friend
and neighbor. Close behind him came
Sir Philip Trefusis, his daughter flang
ing on his arm. At the Lych-gate
Uncle Dick stepped aside to let them
pass. With kindly eyes he looked
straight at Sir Philip, and we felt in
stinctively that with him, at least, Mr.
Pentreath's appeal had not missed its
mark, and that at the slightest answer
ing sign his hand would have been
outstretched with generous cordiality.
Whether Sir Philip saw the look, I
know not, but his daughter did, and
an expression of pain came into her
sweet eyes as she strode on, proud
and silent, and the opportunity for a
reconciliation had once more passed
away.

CHAPTER II.

We were a merry party round the
luncheon table at the lodge, for Rich
ard Polwhelo was accustomed to keep
Christmas right royally, and, besides
his own family, nephews and nieces of
every degree and friends from far and
near were gathered around his hospita
ble board. Luncheon being ended, a
discussion arose as to how we should
employ the interval before the import
ant hour of dinner, the dinner which
was to be the crowning glory of the
Christmas festival. Some one sug
gested skating, and the idea was at
once hailed with acclamation. Pol
whelo Pool, a piece of water almost
within stone's throw of the lodge, was
frozen over, and afforded a capital
skating ground. Every available pair
of skates was speedily in requisition.
There was a general rush for great
coats, seal-skin jackets, muffis, fur
warm gloves and woolen comforters.
Uncle Dick was led captive by a couple
of pretty nieces, one of whom took
possession of each arm, and, looking
like a miniature Arctic expedition, we
sallied forth to the pool.

The fun was at its height when Sir
Philip Trefusis and his daughter were
seen approaching. No one noticed
them till they were fairly on the ice,
and then we saw with alarm that they
were close to a spot where the ice had
been broken on the previous day, for
the convenience of certain ducks and
geese who were the regular inhabit
ants of the pool, and which, though
now again frozen over, would certain
ly not bear the weight of a human be
ing. Uncle Dick was the first to per
ceive their danger.

"Back! back! the ice is unsafe!" he
shouted.

Edith Trefusis drew back accord
ingly, but her father, either not under
standing the warning or too proud to
regard it, continued his course, and in
another instant the ice crashed under
his feet and he disappeared. After a
couple of seconds he rose again, and,
dangling his arms wildly upward, with
a hoarse cry of "Help! Save me!"
once more disappeared, but this time
did not rise again.

"Good God! he has gone under the
ice!" and a voice, and in an instant all
was terror and confusion.

"Break the ice!" shouted one.

"Fetch a ladder!" said another.

"Run for a rope!" exclaimed a third.

A score of suggestions, practicable
and impracticable, were proffered in a
breath; but the ringing voice of Rich
ard Polwhelo was heard above the
tumult.

"Silence all! Dr. Hamlyn, you have
a cool head; you tell them what to do.
A gate, quick, and lay it over the hole!"

Meanwhile, in less time than it takes
to tell it, he had divested himself of
hat, coat and boots, and, without wait
ing for an answer, plunged into the
ice cold water. Twice he dived, with
out success. He had well chosen his
aide in the doctor, a quiet unassuming
man, but of iron nerves and un
limited resources; and ere he had ar
rived for the second time a couple of
gates had been lifted from their hinges
and laid one on each side of the hole.
A third time he dived; and this time
was so long beneath the surface that
a dread came over us lest he, too, should
be lost under the ice. But at last, af
ter what seemed an age of suspense,
he was seen to rise once more.

"Help! I'm done!" he gasped.

Dr. Hamlyn, kneeling on one of the
gates, caught his uplifted hand. Strong
arms were quickly outstretched to help
him.

"No, no; Philip first!" he exclaimed;
and we found that he held Trefusis in
his failing grasp.

Under Dr. Hamlyn's directions they
were both, though with difficulty, lift
ed out and laid upon the bank. Sir
Philip was to all appearances beyond
earthly help, and a terrible fear came
over us that Uncle Dick, who was now
insensible, had sacrificed his own life
to no purpose. Never were words
more welcome than Dr. Hamlyn's as
surance that he had only fainted.

"Give him some brandy, some of
you; and rub his hands and feet."
Eager hands volunteered for the
service; but almost ere they could be
gin their task he opened his eyes and
gazed around.

"What's this? Ah! I remember now.
But where is Philip?" And, shaking
himself like a great Newfoundland dog,
he rose unassisted to his feet. Sir
Philip lay on the ground a few feet off,
white and lifeless, his daughter weep
ing on her knees beside him. Uncle
Dick raised her with infinite tenderness.

"Nay, don't weep, pretty one; by
God's help we'll win him back to life
yet. Now, lads, lend a hand. Doctor,
bring him to my place. It is a good
deal nearer than his own house, and
minutes are precious just now."

Under the doctor's guidance, coats
and rugs were laid upon one of the
gates; and on this rude couch the si
lent form was borne up to the lodge.
Uncle Dick himself led Edith, tender
ly patting the little hand which lay up
on his arm, and whispering cheering
words of hope and comfort. Quickly
we reached the lodge, and the good
doctor at once commenced the strug
gle with the grim destroyer. For
more than an hour the household
was hushed in an awful quietness, each
hardly daring to speak above a whis
per, till that tremendous question
should be decided: "Is it life or death?"
Poor Edith sat weeping apart, each
moment adding to her apprehension;
while Howard, almost equally distress
ed, vainly endeavored to console her.
At last, after what seemed an age of
agonizing dread, the door opened and
Uncle Dick came forth, and went
straight to Edith.

"God is good to us, my child; your
father will live."

Edith threw herself sobbing on his
breast.

"O, Mr. Polwhelo, how can I ever
thank you for your noble, generous—"

"When I'm drier, my dear, if you
don't mind putting it off a little. I
begin to realize that I'm slightly damp,
and I think it might be as well to put
on a few dry clothes. You shall tell
me all about it at dinner, my child;
and, gently touching her forehead with
his lips, he made his escape.

Meanwhile, though the rescued man
had given to the experienced eye of
the doctor the welcome promise of life,
there was much still to do to win him
back to conscious existence. Still the
resources of skill and science were ap
plied with unremitting energy; and
after a while the watchers were reward
ed by the patient opening his eyes and
saying, in a feeble voice:

"Dick, dear Dick! Where's Dick? I
want to speak to Dick."

What took place at that interview
between the two old friends, so long
severed, none know save themselves,
but when, some hours later, we gather
ed round the well-spread board, Philip
Trefusis and his daughter sat on either
hand of our generous host.

And surely such a dinner never was
chronicled. Pen and ink would fail
me to tell how the two ancient friends,
warmed into youth again under the
sunshine of love renewed, vied with
each other who should best recall the
memory of youthful pranks and gen
eral recollections of happy boy
ish days. And how Uncle Dick, sit
ting with Edith's little hand in his,
and stroking her silken hair, told her
what a gay young dog her father was
in those merry days; and Sir Philip,
not to be behind hand, recounted dar
ing exploits and hair-breadth scrapes
of which Uncle Dick had been the hero.
And how Cousin Howard, seated on
the other side of Edith, artfully got
possession of her disengaged hand; and
how their respective fathers cheer
fully smiled approval. And how, as all
too soon, the clock struck twelve, Rich
ard Polwhelo stood up, and, hand in
hand with his old friend, trotted out
in a deep, rich voice, the good old song
of "An'ud Lang Syne."

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' an'ud lang syne!

And how, when the song was ended,
dread old Parson Pentreath, always an
honored guest at this Christmas festi
val, folded his hands, and, with tears
in his happy eyes, said:

"For these and all His other mer
cies, God give us grateful hearts."
And with all our hearts we said:
"Amen."

—There is some talk of trying to
adjourn congress before March 4th,
but it is generally considered to be im
possible.

The Latest Dog Story.

A New Zealand paper tells this story:
—There is a dog at Taupo, and also a
young pig, and these two afford a cu
rious example of animal sagacity and
confidence in the bona fide of each
other. These two animals live at the
native pan on the opposite side of Ta
puaharuru, and the dog discovered
some happy hunting grounds on the
other side, and informed the pig, being
only two months old, informed the dog
that he could not swim across the river,
which at that spot debouches from the
lake, but that in time he hoped to
share the adventures of his canine
friend. The dog settled the difficulty.
He went into the river, standing up to
his neck in water, and crouched down;
the pig got on his back, clasping his
neck with his forelegs. The dog then
swam across, thus carrying his chum
over. Regularly every morning the
two would in this way go across
and forage around Tapuaharuru, re
turning to the pan at night, and if the
dog was ready to go home before the
pig he would wait till his friend came
down to be ferried over. The truth of
this story is vouched for by several
who have watched the movements of
the pair for some weeks past.

The Indiana Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

[From the Indianapolis Journal.]

The report of the trustees of the Deaf
and Dumb Institution has been pre
sented to Governor Williams. It gives
a short account of the work which
the institution is doing in educating
mutes, and its importance. The insti
tution becomes more of a necessity ev
ery year, and its work increases. A
great portion of the report is taken up
in discussing the necessity for increas
ed accommodations. There are at the
present time more than one hundred
deaf and dumb persons, who ought to
be in school, seeking admission to the
institution. The board of trustees has
employed Mr. Edwin May to draw up
plans and specifications for an exten
sion, which are submitted with the re
port. These plans provide for the en
largement of the dining-room and
school-rooms, and for the erection of
two wings, which will furnish addi
tional accommodations for one hundred
more pupils of each sex. This will in
crease the convenience and safety of
the pupils. The entire cost of the
buildings would be \$56,867.69. The
board indorses the report of the su
perintendent, which accompanies their
report, in every particular.

THE SUPERINTENDENT'S REPORT.

The superintendent's report is an ex
ceedingly concise and clear statement
of the condition of the institution, and
will explain to the people in a satisfac
tory manner, not only how their money
has been expended, but just what it
has and may accomplish in the educa
tion and restoration to society of a
large class of afflicted persons. In
none of the many articles that have
graced or disgraced the press recently,
has this institution been referred to
or considered as an educational insti
tution—a school. It has been regard
ed as an asylum—a refuge for a class
of beings whom it is thought best to
relieve society of. Now, it is a school,
and a school of a peculiarly necessary
kind, inasmuch as the class it has to
educate, and which the State is bound
in natural obligation and by the con
stitution to educate, is constantly in
creasing. Looking at it from this true
standpoint the public will get a clear
er and truer view of the wonderful
economy which has always charac
terized its management. No boarding
school in the country is so successfull
ly and at the same time so economical
ly managed. The grade of instruction
is constantly being improved. It has
not been long since it was considered
a wonderful thing that these people
could be educated at all, and now they
have the advantage of a high school
education in this State. It is a credit
to the State that its institution in this
department of education stands among
the foremost institutions of the kind
in the country. Its deaf children have
the same advantages of education as
their more fortunate companions. It
has the effort of Dr. MacClure to make
this report present the facts of the de
velopment and improvement in the edu
cation of Indiana's deaf and dumb
without an increase in the cost. The
institution, previous to the going into
effect of the new constitution in 1853,
was sustained by a district tax assessed
both for erecting necessary buildings
and for defraying the ordinary current
expenses. Since then it has been
supported by annual appropriations
made by the Legislature, except for
the manual labor and for clothing in
digent children. The shops have been
sustained by the labor of the pupils,
and the clothing has been paid for by
the counties from which the pupils
came. From time to time appropria
tions have been made to finish and en
large the building as its necessities
seemed to require. Its original ca
pacity has been enlarged one-third,
shops have been erected, the grounds
improved, gas, water, and steam intro

duced, and many other improvements
added. The books of the institution
show that, from the beginning to the
present time, for the purchase of
grounds, the erection of buildings, and
for additions and improvements, there
has been paid \$257,210.67—only about
\$7,000 a year, or about \$225 for each
of 1,207 pupils who have been, or
are being, taught here. The premises
are worth, in a pecuniary point of
view, all that they have cost, and more,
too. The land itself could have been
sold within the last few years for more
than the whole has cost.

A TABLE OF AVERAGES.

A table, giving the average annual
number of pupils in attendance, the
amount paid for building, for clothing,
and for current expenses, exclusive of
clothing, and the cost per capita of
the last item in each year ending Oc
tober 31, since 1853 to the present
time, has been prepared with care, and
is given below:

YEAR.	No. of pupils.	Annual cost of build ing and im provements.	Annual cost of cur rent expenses and clothing.	Annual cost of de bts.	Annual cost per capi ta.
1853.	121	\$20,550.90	\$81.26	\$1,365.60	\$179.73
1854.	180	\$10,533.14	\$63.74	\$1,424.33	\$167.60
1855.	132	1,038.27	23,304.01	1,776.54	
1856.	160	8,756.45	4,705.67	36,883.70	164.04
1857.	130		2,304.77	19,941.72	166.18
1858.	163	9,571.27	2,224.82	32,890.42	146.56
1859.	147	1,700.00	848.74	37,037.14	133.38
1860.	173	622.99	25,591.35	165.09	
1861.	142	10,396.10	1,022.91	39,001.82	204.94
1862.	143	6,497.01	768.81	25,512.35	178.41
1863.	137		427.73	35,149.59	188.57
1864.	123		735.51	30,293.09	199.38
1865.	154	3,283.44	1,116.91	35,994.41	233.73
1866.	163		1,398.55	41,808.67	253.09
1867.	169	2,808.23	1,368.16	35,098.57	213.60
1868.	148	1,496.77	2,171.67	41,165.39	281.28
1869.	195	39,468.58	3,674.36	45,032.75	230.94
1870.	240	28,657.17	3,198.23	49,767.03	207.37
1871.	254	6,579.06	2,151.33	62,817.91	246.94
1872.	271	11,664.79	2,820.52	66,232.33	248.81
1873.	278	12,275.29	3,058.45	68,753.09	251.34
1874.	291	2,939.09	2,360.49	69,291.80	237.81
1875.	289		2,738.76	67,636.11	236.98
1876.	303	2,938.10	3,054.89	63,553.77	209.75
1877.	320	1,000.00	3,638.51	64,884.62	202.76
1878.	320		3,282.32	62,697.90	191.48

*School suspended three months.

It will be observed that the cost
per pupil varied from year to year not
much beyond the change in the price
of articles of subsistence. For the
ten years from 1853 to 1863 the av
erage cost was \$169.15. From 1863 to
1873, when the prices began to fall,
the average cost was \$206.13. Since
then they have depreciated until in
the past year the expense per capita
has been \$191.40. In this last period
additional expense has been incurred
by the introduction and maintenance
of the articulation department, which
is considered very important by the
friends of the pupils. Our institution,
both as to the course of instruction
and the cost of support, falls below
that of most others of this class. Not
to multiply examples, take that of the
State of New York. This State makes
provision for her beneficiaries per ca
pita, and allows a twelve-years' course
of study. The amount allowed per
pupil for instruction, care, and sup
port, inclusive of clothing for the in
digent, is \$300 per annum.

RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS.

A table showing the receipts and
expenditures for the year is given be
low. The amounts advanced out of
the general fund for clothing the in
digent, according to the provisions of
the law, are included in this account.
The receipts and disbursements for
the year have been as follows:

1. On account of current expenses—	
RECEIPTS.	
From balance in treasury November 1,	
1877.....	\$ 109

ROCKFORD NEWS.

Rockford, Ill., Jan. 6, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Having a little leisure, and knowing that you like an occasional scrap from friends, I thought I ought to lend a helping hand by gathering a few facts concerning deaf-mutes out here, but I consider myself unworthy of being a correspondent for any paper.

The weather is so cold that the mercury in the thermometer has been very capricious, varying from 29 below zero to 10 or 12 above in two or three days, and making our noses and ears look like lobsters or soaked dried apples. Sleighting is very fine, and everybody ought to be happy. Skating is good on the river, and the young men (including myself) and boys have had a lively time before New Year's, preparing to devour a huge turkey, oysters, and other good things to tickle the taste.

The friends and relatives of our friend Miss Carrie Sibley, a semi-mute, formerly of Terra Haute, Ind., and educated at Indianapolis, will, perhaps, regret to learn that she has had a very heavy "loss"—her name. Mr. Jacob Santer, dealer in boots and shoes, at Millington, Ill., has had his eye on her for a long time, until at last he succeeded in inducing her to allow herself to be called Mrs. Jacob Santer hereafter.

On the last day of the old year, at the parsonage, he was declared her husband by the Rev. W. A. Spencer, pastor of the Centennial M. E. Church of this city, who is well acquainted with Dr. P. G. Gillett, superintendent of the Illinois deaf-mute institution, and a cousin of Edwin Brasher, a deaf-mute and a farmer, of Rock Island. C. L. Buchanan was the only mute witness, and intended to interpret the ceremony into sign-language, but was surprised and glad, of course, that the reverend gentleman could use the single-hand alphabet very plainly and understandingly. After this happy pair, at 7:30 p. m., took a sleigh ride over to the residence of J. R. Freeman, associate editor of the *Advocate*, two miles distant, where it is said they had a capital time in conversation for a couple of hours, and then left for parts unknown to any of us. But they made their appearance again at Mr. Tuttle's the next day, and left on the 3d for a week's visit to Mr. Santer's brother-in-law, Rev. George Hoeger, at Winona, Minn., and then they will visit John R. Cotton, of Chicago, which will be their last visit. All of us unite in wishing that their lives may be as bright, as perfect, and as happy as anything can be in this world.

James R. Freeman enjoyed himself New Year's by teaching his two fine boys how to whistle "Yankee Doodle," and C. L. Buchanan by stuffing himself with plum pudding.

Respectfully yours,

ROCKFORDITE.

A BIG STORM IN WATERTOWN.

Watertown, N. Y., Jan. 2, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Professor Turner wrote me a postal card from Syracuse, N. Y., December 28th, assuring me that he would be in Watertown December 28th and hold a service the next day, for he knew that all the mutes in the county would avail themselves of the opportunity so seldom offered to them. But I did not get the card until December 28th, on account of the severe snow storm of December 21st and 22d, resulting in the blockade on the railroad going south of Watertown. The pastor of Grace Church said he would be glad to have Professor Turner hold a service in his church, and he would be pleased to read to his people a sermon, which the professor said, he would write out, while he was signing to the mutes. Therefore I sent a telegram to Professor Turner saying that he could have a service in the church on Sunday evening, December 29th, or any time the next week. But I thought Professor Turner was unfortunately snowed in at Mexico, or some other place, for the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad was snowed up between Richland and Adams. For that reason I thought the professor had to give up coming up here, as he would have to be in other places according to the list of appointments. I am sorry that the serious obstruction prevented him, but it could not be helped, and I hope that when he returns from the South he will favor us with another and a longer visit than he did the last time he was here.

Miss M. Roberts, an aged French mute, died about two weeks ago, at the great age of 89 years. She had a good constitution up to her death, and I think she was entirely worn out on account of her great age. She complained that her relatives used her badly, and made her work all the time, while they were taking it easy. I need not give you her history, for Professor Turner saw her and wrote you all about her some time ago.

We had a very severe snow storm, than which I have never seen a more severe, and it raged in its increased fury from December 21st till the 23d. As the result of the storm, all the railroads going south of Watertown were so badly blocked that trains between Rome and Watertown were abandoned for a week, while the road between this city and Ogdensburg was clear of snow.

I think the great storm made up for the very few light snowfalls of the previous three years. The former road seems to be more subject to blockades (especially between Richland and Adams) than any other road going south, because it is very near Lake Ontario. The Utica and Black River Railroad, plying between Watertown and Utica, is more fortunate in regard to blockades. The storm of December 24th was so furious that two per-

sons coming in opposite directions could hardly see each other until they approached each other. I walked past houses and could scarcely see anything of them, for I could see nothing but the whiteness of the storm. I assure you that such a storm delighted me much, but there are lots of people who liked nothing of the kind. Most of the ordinary roads were utterly impassable, so farmers walked on snow shoes after the necessities of life.

Last week I learned how to walk on snow shoes, and got down several times, and got up with some little difficulty; but the next day I walked on them two miles without stumbling. We are having a severe snow storm at the time of my writing, and I am afraid there will be another blockade on the railroad. I saw Fred. Woolever yesterday, and he said he would advertise to walk with any man in the county for 25 miles in 4 hours for any sum. He said he heard that there was to be a prize walking match at Cape Vincent, and would try to have them name him as one of the pedestrians.

Yours truly,
C. O. U.

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE NOTES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 30, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The skaters are rejoicing over the ice which, for a wonder, has held out more than a week. Babcock Lake, at the base of the Washington Monument, is the favorite resort of the students as well as of the people in the city. A patriotic-minded citizen, who holds the memory of Washington sacred, must feel not a little ashamed of himself and his country in looking at the half-finished monument; ashamed of himself because he is an American citizen, and ashamed of his country because it has allowed that token of a nation's gratitude to remain so long in its half-completed condition, a standing disgrace to the American people. A skillful skater seems to be a rare object of curiosity in Washington, for no sooner does a person, with moderate skill, begin to curvet about on the ice than a crowd gathers around him, often to their great peril, for the ice will break under such a heavy pressure. But then the fun comes in, for when a crack is heard the crowd rush in every direction, each trying to outskate the others. The wilds of Minnesota and the genteel city of Troy, N. Y., have sent to this college two skaters, who are the observed of all observers on the ice. I must not forget to mention one skater from the sunny South, who, being asked if he could dance on the ice, replied "Oh, yes." "When did you learn to skate?" "Last summer," was the reply.

We are now in the midst of the Christmas holidays, bent upon making the most of them. Chess is a favorite pastime with those who don't go out skating. In order to make the time pass more swiftly, a sheet and pillow party was got up by invitation of Miss Pratt, the matron. Many amusing blunders occurred. Several young men were mistaken for ladies, and were followed about by their admirers. Words were addressed to cars which could not appreciate them. Many a honeyed compliment, intended for delicate ears, was wasted upon rough, masculine ones. By far, the drollest figure was out by Callahan, of Pennsylvania, his disguise being so clever, as to baffle almost all our ingenuity to find him out. I need not go into particulars about this affair, as it would take up too much space. Messrs. Bryant and Zeigler gave an exhibition of shadows, for the benefit of the "rising generation" of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the city. President Grant and his family were regular attendants at this church while they lived in the White House.

In order to fill up these sheets with news, I must leave the present and go back to the time just before the holidays. Our regular examinations took place at the appointed time. As for the results they are satisfactory as far as the upper classes are concerned, only four failures having occurred in the collegiate department. It is evident from the results of the examinations, and from the course pursued by the faculty, that only students of undoubted ability will ever win a degree from this time forth. No deaf-mutes, as is generally understood by that term, will be able to graduate in the full course, except those rare, gifted ones who can compete successfully with semi-mutes. Every year a little army of new students is admitted to the preparatory department, but few of them ever get through the college. Some are dismissed at the end of the year; some leave for a good situation, as in the case of John F. Donnelly; others, feeling discouraged, never return; and some others take a middle course; that is, they select those studies in which they desire to excel the most, and which are to qualify them for a position in the world. Only a few can survive the test of the examinations, and they are those whose mental rings true. There seems to be a wide-spread opinion that the National Deaf-Mute College is only a few degrees better than an institution. I have even seen it called the "National Primary School," and I am sorry for it, as this opinion seems to be shared by some deaf-mutes for whom I have great respect. I hope I shall be able to convince them of this error before I am done. Do they know the standard of education at Amherst College? Perhaps they do, and they must have heard that it is a model college. Now the course of studies pursued at Amherst is superior to ours only in a classical or literary character, while we have the advantage of that college in a more extensive study of the sciences, so that the superiority of Amherst College over ours in one thing is counterbal-

anced by our superiority in another. Then, if this is only a "National Primary School," as well might that name be applied to Amherst College.

The winter course of lectures was opened by Professor Porter, who chose for his subject "The original Founder of Deaf-Mute Instruction in America." He briefly traced the career of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet from his childhood to manhood, and then described the manner in which the system of teaching the deaf was first brought into use in this country. We can not say that we felt sorry for Dr. Gallaudet, when he failed to obtain an insight into the English method of instruction, for that of the French is much the better. We were sorry only for the trouble and disappointments that the Doctor met with in England. There were many things new, even to us, who thought ourselves familiar with the subject. From the lecturer we learned that Dr. Gallaudet was an author as well as a philanthropist. He wrote a book on the "Soul," for the instruction of the young; it was popular in its day, and was translated into several languages. There is an interesting story told concerning this book. Professor Chickering relates that in the summer of 1876, while he was hunting in the Dismal Swamp of Virginia for specimens of mineralogy or other ologies, he chanced to spend a night at the house of a man named Wallace. In the course of conversation the name of President Gallaudet was mentioned, and the hostess immediately became interested, asking question after question concerning the Gallaudet family. In answer to a query from Professor Chickering, she explained her interest in the Gallaudets as follows: Years and years ago she had read Dr. Gallaudet's book on the "Soul," and it made so deep an impression upon her that she called her oldest son after the author, Thomas Gallaudet Wallace. During the whole lecture the kindly face of Dr. Gallaudet beamed upon us from a portrait hung on the wall. It was an offspring of love and admiration, having been painted from memory by an artist, who had known and respected the original. The more we reviewed the history of Dr. Gallaudet, and his early efforts in the cause of deaf-mute instruction, the more deeply we felt the great debt of gratitude, which, as a class, we owe to him. There seems to be a tendency among some persons to place Laurent Clerc in the front rank of teachers or benefactors of the deaf and dumb, putting Dr. Gallaudet in the background, out of view and out of mind. Among such persons, if Dr. Gallaudet is remembered at all, he is remembered simply as having been kind enough to bring a teacher of deaf-mutes to this country. There never was greater injustice done to the memory of a noble, self-sacrificing man. Dr. Gallaudet became interested in the cause of deaf-mute instruction, the moment he saw two girls, young and fair, afflicted with that misfortune, and from that moment he devoted his whole heart and soul to the cause. We all know how cold a reception he met with in England, and it might well be doubted if any other man would have persevered to the end. Besides, he gave up his own cherished calling—that of a minister—in order to ameliorate our condition. We also know how many discouragements he was beset with on his return to America, for, even in those days, the following opinion of classical Greece was echoed by all classes of people:

"To teach the deaf, no art could ever reach,
No care improve them, and no wisdom teach."

Laurent Clerc, although he did his part faithfully, had done no more than any other teacher of the deaf and dumb would have done; he only marked out the will of his Master. All our partiality towards Clerc is doubtless due to a feeling of fellowship, for the deaf loves the deaf, but we must remember to give honor "to whom honor is due."

At our last Sunday concert, there was a marked change in the regular order of exercises. The platform was decorated with evergreens, in good taste for the approaching Christmas. An arch having been made upon the platform, there grew, as it were, before our eyes, the following words from holy writ: "On earth peace and good will to men."

Mrs. Budd, a sister of President Gallaudet, is now staying at his house, with her two sons. She seems to be as familiar with the sign-language as our president himself, and, like a true daughter of Thomas H. Gallaudet, she is kindness itself to the deaf and dumb.

The literary society had another debating upon the question of the deaf-mute, but with the debaters one changed sides. On this, as well as on the first occasion, the negative side won. A senior and a sophomore were pitted against two juniors, and the juniors won.

John Chickering has been spending a few weeks at home for the benefit of his health. In a day or two he will return to Amherst College to finish his course. He is in the senior class. The students will miss his pleasant company from their skating expeditions to Alexandria or Georgetown.

An organ grinder came to this college with his monkey the other day, and tried to regale our ears with music. We tried to make him understand that our souls were dead to the power of music, but he only worked away at his organ the harder.

The following passage at arms recently occurred between a famous pedestrian and a famous base-ballist: "I do believe that base-ball has an injurious effect upon the mind." The quick and keen was the retort: "Walking has a far more injurious effect upon the under-standing."

A middle-aged mulatto, not ill-looking by any means, has been installed

in the porter's lodge. What his duties are we have yet to learn. One Prep. wanted to know why Professor Porter did not move into his lodge.

Some five students have gone home to spend a long Christmas.

STUDENT.

NOTES FROM PROF. JOB TURNER.

BALTIMORE, JAN. 8, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—I must now drop you a line to inform you that Dr. Gallaudet yesterday afternoon arrived here from New York, and soon left for Frederick City. It was very important business that prevented me from accompanying him, but I shall overtake him in that city this evening. There we shall hold the first service to-night.

Day before yesterday I received a postal card from Superintendent Ely, of the Maryland Institution, in which he said "I shall be pleased to see you and Dr. Gallaudet on Tuesday evening for his proposal." Messrs. McGill and Linton met him at the station, and they all had pleasant conversations with each other for about one hour. I was present, and found the Dr. in a very good condition for a long journey.

I called on Mr. and Mrs. McGill and Mr. Linton yesterday, and found them well and in good spirits.

To my regret, want of time prevents me from writing any more. I go to Frederick City this evening.

Sincerely yours,
JOB TURNER.

MINNESOTA NEWS.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—On Sunday, the 6th inst., the members of the Deaf-Mutes' Association of Minneapolis assembled at the Plymouth rooms. Mr. Carroll, a gentlemanly teacher connected with the Faribault Deaf and Dumb Institute, was introduced to his new and old acquaintances. He addressed them from Psalm cx: 105. They were very much interested in listening to his address. I am sorry to say some of our society were not able to attend on account of their ears being frozen. I am sorry to say that Professor Noyes was not able to come up last Sunday to preach to us on account of ill health. We hope he will be able to come on the 19th inst.

On the 25th inst. Misses Clapp and Cramer, young, talented teachers, connected with the Deaf and Dumb Institute, were in Minneapolis to visit their friends.

Mr. David Carroll, of the Faribault Institute, called on J. H. Harris at the office of the *North-Western Chronicle* last week.

On the 5th inst. the members of the Deaf-Mutes' Association, at the Plymouth room, called for a change of officers for the ensuing year, and most of the late officers were elected as follows: W. E. Dean, of Minneapolis, President and Treasurer; John H. Harris, of St. Paul, Vice-President; W. O. Roberts, of Minneapolis, Secretary; Miss Flora Cole, of Minneapolis, Assistant Secretary; W. E. Dean, J. H. Harris, W. O. Roberts, and Miss Flora Cole, Trustees. The members were very well satisfied with the change.

There will be a pantomime, commencing on the 19th of February. I wish the society grand success.

Mr. Abe Hughes, of Minneapolis, starts for Black Hills next week to live. Our society loses a valuable member, but wishes him success.

ALOES.

St. Paul, Minn., Jan. 6, 1879.

CONCURS WITH "RAMBLER'S" IDEA.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—If "Ramblor," of Damariscotta, Me., whose article appeared in your columns of December 24th, 1878, will send me his address I should be pleased to communicate with him. His article was very well written, and to the point, but he should not have refrained from adding his full name to it, as, by so doing, he might have encouraged some faint-hearted brother to take up his pen, thus animating others to step out of the darkness that has so long enshrouded them. He, evidently, sees that more attention is being paid to sectarianism and personal popularity than to the "good of all mankind." I know but little about theology, yet I have the impression that it made no difference to Christ when he preached, that wherever He found the multitude, there He spoke unto them, and He, moreover, had and offered no particular form. The remedy for the will, as "Ramblor" is pleased to call it, I have always been, and still am, in favor of union services, believing the greatest good to the greatest number can be accomplished thereby. Having full unity with Brother "Ramblor" in his remarks, and hoping he will have the courage to speak again, I close.

JOHN T. TILLINGHAST.

New Bedford, Mass., Jan. 1, 1879.

Reading the Journal Keeps Husbands from Saloons.

WEST OAKLAND, Cal., Dec. 31, 1878. EDITOR JOURNAL:—You will find the money enclosed in this for next year's JOURNAL. I like your paper very much. I think it is very good, and comforting to your readers who stay at home at night, or after coming from work, to read it to their wives and children. All husbands know that their wives and children want to enjoy themselves with their husbands and fathers at night. It is so sweet to read any thing at home that improves their minds. Drinking does nothing but bend down their bright-minded heads under the evil saloon-keepers' claws. Do our married friends think so?

Truly yours,

H. B. CHANDALL.

SNOW-BOUND TRAINS IN OSWEGO COUNTY.

To give our remote readers a general idea of the suffering to which passengers of the snow-bound trains in this county have been exposed, we make the following extracts from the *Oswego Palladium* of the 8th instant:

THIRTY MILES AFLOAT.

Mr. Caleb Green of this city, painter, grainer and decorator, who was on the train snow-bound at Richland station on the R. W. & O. RR., thirty miles east of here, arrived home last evening, having walked the entire distance since 11 a. m. Monday. Mr. Green, who had been decorating a church in Lorraine, Jefferson county, came down to Adams Thursday and took the train bound south at 11:30, the train being 45 minutes late. It consisted of two locomotives, two coaches and a baggage car, under conductor Bews, and was preceded by a snow plow driven by two engines, which cleared the way for it between stations, the train being held till the arrival of the snow plow at the next station was telegraphed. It was snowing and blowing furiously, and threatening to stop the train every instant. There were forty passengers aboard, including four ladies and a little child. The train kept its headway till within about 200 feet of the station house at Richland, where it stalled in an immense drift. Snow shovels were got out, and it took an hour to get the train over that 200 feet and to the station. Meantime the snow plow, about half a mile ahead, had stuck in a drift and was immovable, and being fast snowed in, the storm raging and howling, and the air being so thick with snow that one could scarcely see ten feet ahead.

THE SITUATION.

That they were snow-bound was apparent at once, and there was a rush for the hotels. A train on the Syracuse Northern was also snowed in there with its passengers, numbering a dozen or fifteen people, and likewise two freight trains, making in all four trains and seven locomotives, viz: The Moses Taylor, Ontario, Hungerford, Lewiston, Brewerton, Comstock and Niagara.

CONDITION OF THE PASSENGERS.

Mr. Green confirms the statement previously printed about "The Ten Nights in a Bar-Room" dramatic company, who were among the snow-bound passengers. They were traveling under the management of one Sink, of Rome, who provided himself with a room at one of the hotels, and refused to pay the company's bills. They claimed that he had paid them no salary for three weeks, and felt exceedingly bitter towards him. Conductor Eddy, of the Syracuse Northern train, kept his coach in good condition, and the ladies of the troupe used it for a dining and dressing room, sleeping in one of the R. W. & O. coaches. The conductors of the two trains, with the express messenger and others, arranged to give the company one meal a day. Mr. Green himself saw their Monday meal, which consisted of nothing but crackers. Conductor Bews himself furnished money to several passengers who were destitute and exposed to suffering. Judge Dewey, of Watertown, gave orders for a dinner for the troupe on Monday.

PUTTING UP PRICES.

Mr. Green says that on Saturday one of the hotels could furnish only two meals. He also says that at Wright's Hotel \$3 was charged for a bed, or a bed would be furnished to three at a dollar apiece. The price of meals at this house was also raised 10 cents—from 40 to 50. Provisions, he states, were plenty enough up to the time when he left.

METHODS OF AMUSEMENT.

The dramatic company did much to amuse and entertain the travelers. Friday night they got up a dance in the ladies' waiting-room in the depot, and Saturday night there was a dance in one of the coaches, the party dancing in two—that is two at each end of the aisle and two in the centre. On Monday the troupe were preparing to play the drama "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room" in the passenger room, using the ticket office for a dressing room. When Mr. Green left, they were lugging in lumber and making a rule stage. On Friday and Saturday they had walking matches in the coach, the aisle being the course. The best time made for the distance, five times down the aisle and return, was 28 seconds. The balance of the days and nights were filled in with reading, singing and cards. Rows of candles were put up along the sides of the coach, making plenty of light and imparting a fantastic appearance to the scene.

KEEPING THE ENGINES ALIVE.

On Thursday Supt. Van Horne sent orders to get the snow plow back to the station, but while the storm lasted it was impossible to move her, and she was not relieved till Sunday at 6 p. m., after it cleared away. The locomotives attached to her were kept alive by carrying fuel in baskets, the distance being half a mile, and the snow all the time falling in blinding sheets. This was no easy task, and the men underwent fearful exposure. All the tanks were kept in water by cutting the snow out in huge chunks and throwing it in, it requiring three or four hours to fill them. Those nearest the depot were filled from the nearest pumps, that operation occupying about two hours.

AN UNHAPPY PARTY.

When Mr. Green left, the prospect of relief was very distant, and a good many of the passengers were feeling quite solemn.

WHY HE WAS IN A HURRY.

Mr. Gurney McAdams, of Utica, who started out on foot Friday, but aban-

doned the exploit at Albion, is a traveler for a Utica house. He was informed of their failure, and as they owe him \$2,000, was in a stress to get through. Ryan, the bar-tender who accompanied him, returned from Albion Sunday at 12:30 p. m.

SETTING HIS FACE TOWARDS HOME.

The discomforts of the situation were so great that on Monday Mr. Green determined to try to reach Pulaski, where he thought he might get better accommodation. At 11 a. m. he turned his face homewards. For two miles out of Richland, following the railroad track, he found it barely covered, and no heavy drifts except near Pulaski. He thinks the average depth of snow on the track between Richland and Pulaski is about nine inches, but very hard. He struck Pulaski about 2 p. m., lunched, rested till 2 p. m., and pushed on, still following the track, reaching Sand Hill at 5 p. m. Between Richland and Sand Hill the drifts all lie at one side of the track. About a mile east of the latter place is a drift fifteen feet high. After resting twenty minutes Mr. Green pushed on towards Mexico, encountering, as he puts it, "any quantity of snow," there being a dozen or more drifts ten feet high and 300 and 400 feet long. The snow is very solid and averages three feet deep between these stations. The night was moonlight and very beautiful. Mexico was reached at 10 p. m., and there he staid till morning, leaving at 9 o'clock yesterday and arriving here at 8:30 in the evening. New Haven was made at noon, dinner eaten, and Scriba reached at 4:30 p. m. Mr. Green came in on the highway, and says it is much worse to travel than the railroad.

WORK ON THE LINE.

At Pulaski two men are shoveling; at Sand Hill 20; and at Mexico 50 were to be put on yesterday morning. Mr. Green thinks a train cannot be got through before Saturday.

OTHER INCIDENTS, ETC.

On Sunday the pastor of the "Church of the Disciples," at Richland, invited the passengers to attend service, which most of them did in the evening. A small boy who was out of funds deserted the train Sunday, and started for his home in Albion. Two Oswego passengers, whom Mr. Green did not know, and who were the only Oswego bound passengers there, undertook to walk to Pulaski Sunday, but gave it up. Mr. Green met with but one adventure coming in. While crossing a bridge between Sand Hill and Mexico he slipped and fell, but saved himself from going into the gulf, thirty feet below, by catching on to a tie with his hands.

SNOW IN JEFFERSON COUNTY.

Mr. Green says that when he started there was more snow in Jefferson county than here, and he had been obliged to go to his work on snow shoes.

HOME AGAIN.

The two hacks sent out yesterday by C. R. Lewis to bring Judge Nutting and his family in from Hannibal, reached this city last evening, bringing Mr. and Mrs. Nutting, their three children, two servants, and Mr. Pulsifer, engineer of the United States revenue cutter Manhattan. Miss Wrenn, Mrs. Stewart and child, and Miss Hayer, of this city. Mr. Pulsifer and Judge Nutting and his family came up from Auburn Thursday over the Southern Central, but were too late to connect at Sterling Junction with the regular train from the West. It was then snowing and blowing terrifically. Judge Nutting telegraphed to the R. W. & O. office in this city and received answer to board a train which had gone west, but which was returning, and that the regular would be held at Hannibal for them to overtake it. The train, when it came down from the west, turned out to be the locomotive "Mogul," running backwards and drawing a single box car. At Sterling Junction the locomotive ran down on the "Y," turned around and coupled on to the car, into which they all got. There were no seats and no fire, and the wind drove through the doors, which could not be tightly closed, with pitiless fury. Mr. Nutting's trunks were converted into seats for the women and children, and at Crockett's the train paused long enough for the hands to get some wood, when a fire was built in a stove in one end of the car. At Lester's, four miles from Sterling and one mile from Hannibal, the train ran into an immense drift, from which it could not extricate itself. This was about 3 p. m. The storm continued to rage with ungovernable fury. The snow was driven into the car, and melting as it struck them, wet their clothing and made it very cold for the women and children, the youngest of whom was a babe a few months old. They remained in the car without any light and but little warmth till 10 p. m., when it became evident that they could not hope to be relieved, and that they could not longer endure the anxiety and suffering. Arrangements were then made by Mr. Nutting and Mr. Pulsifer to remove the rest of the party to Mr. D. J. Lester's farm house, about twenty rods from the track. The snow was up to their arm pits, and Judge Nutting made six trips through it to remove his family, and was pretty well exhausted after the task was accomplished. At Mr. Lester's they were made very comfortable and received every possible attention, and there they remained till Monday afternoon.

The storm did not abate till Sunday. The "Mogul's" fuel gave out, and the train men went to cutting down trees to supply the fires and keep her alive. They felled all the trees within reach, and then commenced to tear up the rail fences. Her water tank was supplied with melted snow, all of which kept the train men in constant employment.

Monday they reached Hannibal in a sleigh, and yesterday afternoon started for home in two hack sleighs as mentioned above. The journey to the city was accomplished with much difficulty over part of the distance, Judge Nutting and Mr. Pulsifer having to walk a good deal of the way, each holding on to the sides of the sleigh to keep it from upsetting.

Mr. Pulsifer says it is impossible to form any idea of the violence of the storm as it swept down across the country, covering everything and raging with demoniacal fury. He also says nobody who has not seen it can conceive the task which it was to open this railroad. The snow lies in mountains all along the track, and to remove it is a Herculean undertaking. Most of the passengers who were on the train at Hannibal have dispersed in one direction and another, though a few remain at the hotel and at Capt. Smith's.

[Judge Nutting is a brother of Harley W. Nutting, of Parish, N. Y., a deaf-mute, who was snowed in here for about a week.—Ed.]

ARRIVED FROM LAMSON'S.

The train which had been lying at Lamson's station, on the Oswego and Syracuse division of the D. L. & W. RR., eighteen miles away, was relieved, and arrived here about 8 o'clock last evening, all the passengers being well and jolly, but exceedingly happy to be released, still not at all displeased with their novel experience. Their train stalled a short distance this side of Lamson's, but got back to the station. The passengers deserted the coach immediately, and betook themselves to the hotel.

Mr. J. I. Quackenbush of this city was fortunate in reaching the hotel early and engaged the parlor, in which a fire was started. The hotel is a very large and open sort of a building, and in such a gale it was pretty difficult to keep it comfortable, but the proprietor did all in his power to make everybody comfortable, and with a good degree of success. Mr. Quackenbush opened his room for the accommodation of his fellow passengers, till they could be cared for. As soon as possible quarters were engaged for the ladies at farm houses near by, to which they were conducted, and where they received the best of attention. There was a pack of cards aboard, a set of dominoes was procured and between the games and other amusements the time passed cheerfully after the first afternoon.

When the fact dawned on them that they were indeed stuck fast in the snow, some of the ladies were agitated by misgivings, but they were soon reassured and cheered, and very sensibly took part in the games and various devices for passing the time, and assisted in various ways to beguile the tedium of the storm. Rev. Mr. Show, of Fulton, was a passenger, and proved himself a very entertaining one. Superintendent Phelps was in continual communication with the passengers, assuring them of his sympathy, and informing them of the efforts making for their relief. So they resigned themselves and patiently awaited the cessation of the tempest.

There were two locomotives on the train and one on the snow plow, all dead. After the storm stopped, the men went to work to dig out the engines and get them fired up. Yesterday the snow plow was got past the train, on the branch, and yesterday afternoon the plow dashed into the drifts and cleared about a mile and a half of track, coming in sight of superintendent Phelps with a gang of 250 men. The forces soon joined amid deafening cheers, and the train soon moved away from its bed of snow. All the population of Lamson's turned out to bid the passengers good-bye, and seemed to feel as if they were parting with friends. It is certain that there will be mutually pleasant recollections among the travelers and the people, who did so much to provide for them during their enforced stay. They passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we, the passengers snow-bound at Lamson's, desire to express our gratitude for Divine protection, and also our appreciation of the generosity of the managers of the road, as well as to their prudent and gentlemanly conductor, J. J. Van Wagon, the engineer, firemen, and other members of the force in charge, for their heroic attempts to open a passage for the train, and finding that impossible, for the prudent and timely retreat to Lamson's, where no effort was spared to make us comfortable.

On their arrival here last evening, they were the lions of the hour, and had to submit to be interviewed on every corner.

SEVERE ON MR. BOND.

The effect of Mr. Bond's denial that he ever said "deaf-mutes should not be printers" is worth little or nothing, as can be shown by his reply to "Ex-confederate," which appeared in the *Sun* a few months ago. Perhaps he did not use the exact words attributed to him, yet what he did say was so constructed that no other conclusion could be arrived at, and what deaf-mutes have done in this line of business more than proves the falsity of his words. It is true that mutes like Mr. Bond, who has little or no brains, have a hard time of it, but that is no reason why intelligent mutes should not become printers. Neither does it prove that because several mutes of this city and vicinity have turned out first-class blacksmiths all other mutes who become printers must follow their example. On the contrary it simply shows that to become good workmen in this art, as well as in all other lines of business, requires brains, something which it seems, judging from his writings, Mr. Bond is destitute of.

